

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

Tozier Family Life

Haikyuuties_baeritto123

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Domestic Fluff, Future Fic, Kid Fic, M/M, Original Character(s), Parent-Child Relationship

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-24

Updated: 2017-11-04

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:20:07

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,301

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Life with children can be a handful, especially when one of said children happens to be your fully grown boyfriend. But Eddie Kaspbrak made it work.

Just some short one shots I wrote using my own characters.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Just a few year by year snapshots in the life of parenting, following Eddie and Richie and their family.

Thank you so much for the support on my other fic! I decided to write a few of these shorts to will away writers block, please drop a comment they keep me writing!

Year 1

Although the losers all lived in different states – or in Mike and Bill’s case, remained in their little hunky dunky town of Derry – they kept in contact especially throughout major points of their lives. They kept in contact when Stan and Ben got married, they were all there to celebrate when Bill published his first book after starting from just an article in a newspaper, they were there on Bev’s opening night to reveal her clothing line and to tease her when she came across one Patricia Blum at the party and Bev’s face had gotten redder than her hair. They all found a way to surprise Eddie and Richie in their small apartment when Richie finally hit it big as a comical radio DJ and aided them in moving to an actual house.

So of course, the moment Eddie and Richie brought their daughter how the group bombarded them.

April Tozier was born at 11:45 PM, weighing nearly 8 pounds, fine dark hair curling atop her head and just as loud as Richie, wailing and gurgling at everything; not at all phased about the outside world. The Losers stayed for a few days and all pitching in to help the couple whether it be taking turns tending to April during the early hours of the morning or even so little as playing with her during the day.

Eddie's favourite photo had to have been on the last day before their friends had to catch their individual flights home.

Richie and April were sprawled on the couch, both fast asleep with Richie's arm hung off of the couch and over Mike's shoulder who had Bill and Bev perched either side of him, Bev's fingers locked loosely in Ben's hair, most likely having been carding through the sandy locks before they'd drifted off and Ben seemed all too content lay in her lap, Stan curled against him with a long leg swung over his husband. Eddie himself hadn't taken the photo, it had been Patricia, but Eddie found himself in the second photo taken that night.

After finishing loose ends with work of who would be driving where in what limo's, Eddie had came down to April just beginning to stir. He'd picked up his daughter and rocked her around the room, humming Africa beneath his breath as he got April's bottle ready.

A tired Richie had stumbled his way into the kitchen and pulled Eddie in close, swaying with him at nearly 2 in the morning with April drooling against Eddie's pyjama clad shoulder. "I knew you'd come around to that song, not so annoying anymore is it?"

"Shut up Trashmouth"

The second photo had been on Eddie and Richie grinning at each other, bags under their eyes and Richie's scruff ghosting his face and although it was scratchy Eddie didn't care to admit he liked it. Richie's arms were wrapped around Eddie's waist and April's gaze locked directly to where Patricia had stood, taking the photo.

He stuck them both to the kitchen fridge.

The Losers may have been living different lives now, but that didn't mean they would forget each other.

Year 2

"Richie, you're soaked" Eddie deadpanned to his boyfriend who was

in the kitchen, poised to lunge at something when Eddie walked through the door.

Richie, in protest held up his hands in mock innocence “Hey! I’m not wet by choice” And then suddenly, as if to take this moment of distraction, a figure, a very bare figure, darted out from beneath the kitchen table; squealing in delight as they sprinted away to freedom in a flurry of pale limbs and dark hair “And not the good kind of wet either”

Eddie’s nose scrunched in disgust “What even happened?”

“I swear I had her in the bath, next...well, let’s just say star wars bubble bath is not an effective method of getting high” Richie sniffed and wiped a hand through water sodden hair, leaving it sticking to other flattened curls atop his head. Footfalls and giggles trailed up the stairs; echoing around the house and Eddie turned to glare at Richie “What?”

“You’re cleaning the floors” Eddie took off after the giggling toddler while Richie whined out behind him; following like a stray dog whimpering “Watch and learn how it’s done”

“Watch and learn how it’s done” Richie mimicked “Righty’o my deah! Lead the way into battle!”

April was at the end of the hall; rummaging through a basket of newly washed clothing that had yet to be ironed and she had pulled a dress onto her sopping wet figure, the green fabric sticking to her skin and was in the process of looking for another piece of clothing to add to her collection “April” Her head perked up and Eddie noticed she was missing her glasses, hair wet and plastered to her head.

“NO BATHS!” She hollered, much like a war cry, and thrust a fist into the air; ignoring the fact she had a pair of Richie’s boxers clenched in it.

“Gotta admit, she makes a compelling argument”

Eddie shushed Richie and rolled his eyes at April “If you get in the bath, I’ll sing the rubber duckie song?” April’s face lit up and she

dropped Richie's boxers to run at Eddie who barely had a second to recoil that she was dripping wet before he had his arms full with April, the toddler chanting 'duckie, duckie, duckie' and kicking out her feet. Turning to Richie, Eddie smirked up at his boyfriend "Was that so hard?"

Richie scowled playfully; glaring at Eddie whose grin grew in intensity "You cheated, you can't use Sesame Street!"

"I didn't cheat" Eddie cooed to both Richie and April as he herded her to the bathroom "Daddy's just a dumb dumb isn't he?"

"Dumb dumb" April agreed as Eddie pulled the dress off and deposited April into the bath with a splash, a few bubbles sloshing over the side somewhat.

"Mommy's so cute when he speaks baby talk, it's conflicting"

"May I remind you, you're the reason she calls me that in the first place" Eddie groaned, turning to look at Richie who smiled

"Well if it's any constellation, I think you make a great mommy to our daughter Eds" Eddie couldn't help himself; he leaned up just slightly and pressed a kiss to Richie's smiling lips, rubbing his cheek with Eddie's thumb before pulling back.

"Richie?"

"Hmm?" Richie hummed almost absentmindedly, pulling back just slightly to look at Eddie who's smirk hadn't left his face at all.

"Go get dressed babe, you're wet...and not the good kind"

Richie groaned loudly and April giggled; warningly splashing in their direction "Splish splash!"

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you everyone for the support! Here's years 3-4

Year 3

“it’s cold” April exclaimed, snuggling deeper into her coat and Richie had to agree, the temperature had plummeted to the point even the snow was all but frozen stiff; making it all the more difficult to clear it out of the driveway.

Not that April was much help “Why don’t you go back inside then?”

“Hmm, no” Was he smart ass reply as she leaned further back and sucked on her juice box straw. His three year old had pulled her pop up chair out onto the garden pathway and was lounging around watching Richie, reclined with sunglasses on even with no sun to be seen and wrapped in a large winter jacket, hat and scarf “You missed a spot”

“If you say that one more time I’m burying you under here” Richie finished clearing another section of the drive and hurried to flatten it on their neighbour’s garden, though he doubted the couple would mind all that much. Nor would they probably really notice for that matter. The wind nipped at Richie’s ears and he tugged his hat further down onto them, rubbing through the fabric in an attempt to warm them up.

And that’s when he noticed it.

April had gone dead silent, something the child never did, more of Richie’s daughter than anyone could have anticipated – or wanted. Richie span around and, sure enough, the chair was empty and had fallen to one side, juice box crushed on the floor and leaking apple juice into the fresh snow beneath it.

Richie’s blood ran cold at that. ‘It’s okay’ he convinced himself ‘You’re nowhere near Derry, Richie, you’re fine’ although he wasn’t

quite sure why he felt that terrifying gut feeling whenever he thought of his hometown. In the back of his mind flickered a pale face and a sewer drain but he couldn't quite make the connection, but then it was gone, extinguished like a flame lost down a storm drain. 'Just think Richie, Maybe she's inside'

Just as Richie was about to go check however, a coo came from somewhere close by, sweet and soft. Richie followed it and, sure enough there was April, knelt down in the snow and cooing beneath the porch of their neighbours house "Jesus April, warn me next time you ru-"

"Shhh"

"Shush yourself November" Richie snarked, using the usual taunt of changing her name in hopes of getting the girls attention on him so he could speak to April.

April was crouched down, hands reaching under the wood and when something moved to touch them back, Richie's heart leapt to his throat. Until April finally pulled out...

A dog.

It wasn't even a small dog, it was huge and Richie was surprised it had fit under the space of the porch. Almost as surprised as he was that the dog was alive.

Thick ice matted its fur and paws and it didn't even make to fight back against April as she struggled to haul him into her lap. The mutt was half dead and lay weak in April's grasp, had it not been for the way his body heaved with each breathe it took, Richie would have thought it was dead.

"Daddy help me" April pleaded, not old enough to understand the dog probably wouldn't make it "Please, please, I'll be extra good, I won't watch TV all week, and I'll clean my room-!"

"It's okay baby, can you go open the front door for me?" Richie bent down and, with some difficulty and a lot of willpower, hauled the limp dog into his arms, tucking its head over Richie's shoulder and April took off, almost in the blink of an eye and Richie followed close

behind, stopping a few times to readjust the dog in his arms.

Richie was glad they had a fireplace as he settled the dog in front of it, heating on full and fire crackling away within minutes. April had took off upstairs not long after entering the house and came thundering down the stairs at such a breakneck pace she was sent sprawling against the wooden floor below, hitting her head rather nasty on the wall but she scrambled up unfazed and continued over to where Richie was sat, the dog draped in Richie's jacket. She threw a variety of blankets over the dog's form, including Richie's and Eddie's duvet, April's, a throw blanket from the sofa, even one of Carter's comfort blankets poked out of the pile. April tugged off her jacket and threw it atop the pile.

"Daddy, do you think he wants some socks to keep his feet warm?"

"You can see" Richie smiled as April tugged her socks off, pulling one of the dog's paws gently into her hands, before settling the sock as far as it would go, barely fitting around the dogs paw. It was sweet.

Usually, April was the rambunctious child with a smart motor mouth. Right now, she was lay on her stomach, stroking the dog's snout gently as she spoke quietly.

"It's okay, Captain, you'll warm up soon bud, I promise, daddy's a good snuggle monster"

The two sat quietly, comforting the hound and occasionally April would go off to get something, she'd been trying to give the dog some water and they'd been somewhat successful when Richie suggested they used a cloth. That had to be a good sign, right?

The pair, once they thought the dog was warmed, hopped in the car and drove to town, looking for a vet which they hunted down fairly quickly. Though they must have been a sight, with a bundle of blankets and both still in their pjs, coats earlier discarded.

Richie was surprised when the vet confirmed the dog would most likely survive but would need to stay under the watch of the vet.

It must have been sometime around 10 at night, April being allowed to say goodbye to the pooch she'd labelled 'Captain', when Richie's

phone buzzed and he answered “Hey bab-”

“Richie! Where are you two?! I’ve been waiting for hours!” Eddie yelled down the phone, cutting off Richie and the man flinched back; holding the phone away from his ear and April looked up from petting Captain’s ears.

Richie rubbed his ear “Is mommy mad at us?”

“Of course not baby, and if he is, he won’t be able to resist the Richard Tozier charm” Even when tired, April still shot him a disbelieving look but didn’t say anything else, just turning back to cooing at Captain, being mindful of his IV drip. Richie pulled the phone back to his ear “Nice to hear you too Eds, funny story really, me and April are kind of at the vets”

“Vets?” Eddie questioned confused “But Richie, we don’t have any anim-?” the line suddenky went silent and Richie thought the call had been ended, but no. Eddie spoke up again but this time he sounded in disbelief “Richie you didn’t”

“Now, let me explain...it was April’s fault” April squeaked indignantly behind him but Richie continued on “We found a dog under the neighbours porch and, jeez Ed’s I don’t know how he survived but he did”

“That explains the mess and lack of blankets in the house”

Richie gestured to the three year old on the floor “C’mon April say goodbye to Captain before mommy had an aneurism”

“You named him?” Came through the speaker “Richie-!”

“No” Richie countered, cutting off his boyfriend; watching as April pressed a kiss to Captain’s snout, one last time before they moved out of the clinic to the car “April named him”

“That’s still the same thing-!”

Richie put his phone down of the front seat before helping April into her booster seat, Richie closed the door before putting the phone back up to his ear again “Don’t worry babe, I’ll have April home and

in bed in a few minutes, and then I'll put you to bed too" Eddie can't see his smirk but he knows his boyfriend well enough and groans loudly in a mixture of disgust and humour, Richie's grin widens "Save those moans till later Eddie baby"

"Beep beep Richie, hurry up and get home"

"Will do Mastah!"

The two drove home, tiredly singing a half assed duet to Sweet Child of Mine.

Year 4

"Eddie, baby, sweet love of my life and my reason to live, my sprinkle of sugar on the side, my sun-"

"Richie, you're going" The man groaned loudly and flopped back on the bed, limbs going limp as Carter bounced upon impact with the mattress. "C'mon, April even laid out clothes for you, it's her first performance!"

"I hear her play all the time!"

"This is different and you know it, Carter's already dressed and ready to go" Eddie adjusted the collar on his shirt, attempting to push back a few untameable curls before turning to where Richie was sprawled on the bed, Carter splayed across his chest and tugging on Richie's lips.

"Only because she doesn't have a clue what's going on half the time, ain't that right doll?" Richie scooped the infant up into the air in one fluid movement; limbs flailing wildly as she squealed in glee. Carter was dressed in a pink shirt and white shorts, her curly brown hair pulled back into a ponytail, but Richie's spidey senses were telling him it'd probably be out by the time they drove to the music centre. Carter stared down at Richie and when they met eyes she gurgled, hands, sticky with the remnants of jelly, cupped his jaw.

"Adorable, but blissfully unaware"

“Hurry up or we’ll be late Richie” Eddie encouraged and pulled Carter into his own arms; grimacing when he felt her hands “Meanwhile I’m going to clean up our resident slimmer” Richie watched his boyfriend walk out of the room fondly, pressing kisses to anywhere Eddie could reach on Carter.

If Richie had known April was going to be second to last to perform, he would have made a swift exit for an hour or so. Not to say he didn’t attempt to escape once he found out but Eddie had caught him and steered him in the direction of the hall with complaining.

These kids had dressed up as their idols and performed a piece alongside it, most classical and Richie had commentated throughout.

“Such, movement! Such dedication! A true piece dedicated to a random old guy I’ve never heard of in my life, thrilling stuff” Richie stage whispered as the boy on stage bowed and made his way behind the curtain. Richie reached over Carter in Eddie’s lap and held an imaginary mic up to Eddie “Anything you’d like to add Johnson?”

“He talked so much it almost gave you a run for your money Paul” Eddie mimicked an announcers voice and Richie pulled back with an over the top gasp; causing Carter to scream in laughter and a few parents shot them dirty looks.

“Why Johnson! I never knew you felt that way, it almost makes me regret sleeping with your wif-!”

“And now, to the stage is April Tozier of Ms Sophrano’s class” A teacher announced and Richie hollered, waiting for his daughter to finally show up.

Only...she wasn’t as dressed up as the other students.

No. it took both Eddie and Richie a moment to process what she was dressed as. Her dark black hair once long and in tangles that morning, was now short and curled at her chin, eyes framed by large glasses and she was dressed identically to Richie. She wore a pair of ripped black jeans, a Ghostbusters t-shirt which was faded almost

exactly as Richie's was, and she had a hoodie with the drawstrings missing.

Matching Richie's attire to a T.

"Holy shit" Eddie breathed out, a small smile on his face which was slowly growing.

"Holy shit" Richie agreed as April adjusted the mic, being slightly taller than most the students as she began to speak.

"Uh, so I'm April, which you know, and the hero I'm dressed as is someone you might not know, or do, I don't know what my dad gets up to" the crowd rippled with laughter "Thanks I'm here all night folks, or at least for another five minutes" another laugh "I'm dressed as my daddy, Richie Tozier, he rose from nothing and showed me many things growing up, how to be kind, and stick to your gut, he's my best friend, just like my mommy of course but I had to settle with the tallest one so you could see him"

"Evil" Eddie rolled his eyes, but paused when he looked over to Richie.

The man had tears in his eyes, unshed but glinting behind his specs, unmoving as he focused on where April stood. April met his gaze through the crowd and smiled widely "I love you daddy"

"I love you too sweetheart" Richie breathed into the stunned silence.

"Now, for my song I'm going to be playing Rock Lobster by The B-52's" The crowd burst into laughter again as April got ready to play.